# SLY YOUNG BRIDE

PROSAIC HOUSE CLEANING REVEALS From the New York Herald. A ROMANTIC SECRET.

Miss Grace DeGolia, a Pretty Girl of Enton Rapids, Mich., Hid Her Marriage Certificate Under the Carpet.

From the Detroit Journal.

Grace De Golia was one of the prettiest, most stylish and altogether most charm-ing young ladies who ever visited Wayne. She was the daughter of F. H. De Golia, rashier of the First National bank, of Eaton Rapids

to Wayne, while paying some holiday visits and after a brief stay in Detroit. She was the guest of M. H. Huyck, a prominent business man of Wayne. In his house she met another brother-in-law of his, Jerome Harnan, a son of a farmer living four noiles west of the town. There were holiday parties, sleigh rides

and denices in quick succession, and Grace was an honored and courted guest at all of them. Pretty soon, it was noticed, that wherever Grace was there was big Jerome, at her side. The young man fell in love with the Eaten Rapids belie and took no pains to conseal his passion, Miss De Golia gave no sign that she reciprocat-



MISS GRACE DE GOLIA.

ed the affection of the farmer's son. This was the state of affairs when the young the state of affairs when the young left Wayne to visit friends in Ann

Marringe Certificate Hidden.

On the morning of January S, a heavily veiled young woman alighted from a train from the West and repaired to the Wayne from the West and repaired to the Wayne hotel. She was met there by a young man. He realized that he was done for, and avenue, and then proceeded to the ferry. They look dinner in the British American hotel. Windsor, and afterwards sought Marriage License Clerk James Oliver, Mr. Oliver not only issued the necessary document, but took the yang people to his own home on Pitt street, where, in the presence of his wife and stenson, the ceremony which made Jerome Hannan and Grace De Gotia man and wife was performed by Rev. Mr. D. H. Hind.

Mr. and Mrs. Hannan came back to Detroit at once, and then returned to Wayne. The bride again stayed at the home of Mr. Huyck, and the bridesroom went back to his father's farm. The next morning Mrs. Hannan returned to Eaton Rapids. Not a world world for the provided of the summer camp. For the young they young the young they young the young the young the young they young the young they young the young they young the young they young they young they young the young they young they young the young they young young

Mr, and Mrs. Hannan came back to De-troit at once, and then returned to Wayne. The bride again stayed at the home of Mr. Huyck, and the bridegroom went back to his father's farm. The next morning Mrs. Hannan returned to Eaton Rapids. Not a word about the wedding had been said to the parents of either of the young people, or any of their friends, except Huyck, who had been in the secret from the beginning.

### Married In Windsor

Grace kept the marriage certificate. When

German Blue Laws.

The newest police regulation in Berlin regulates the observance of Sunday there. According to the Pall Mail Gazette, all noisy trades and callings are forbidden during the pours of morning service so far as they interfere with the Sunday rest. The beer wagon may not waig, and the roll wagon may not roll, the furniture man must not rumble down the peaceful street, and people may not change houses on Sunday morning. But who that could pay his rent would want to? Soon, however, we come to a stricter ruling. On Sunday, days of penitence and through passion week days of penitence and through passion week private festivities are forbidden if they in-terfere with such days. Into the house the police don't exactly intrude, but if the police don't exactly intrude, but if the different flais fall to agree on the question, then the police right comes in again. And finally here is the gem of the whole document. People are graciously permitted to tend and water their flowers in their gardens and balconies on any hour of Sunday except the hours of morning divine serv-

### GO SLOW ON WIDOWS. That Was the Advice One of Then Gave a Smart Young

A score of us were sitting in the shade of the depot building waiting for the train, which was an hour late, when a yoke of oxen attached to a queer-looking old cart turned the corner. They were driven by a woman about 50 years of age, who was barefoot and wore a man's straw hat, "Git up tha', Buck!" she exclaimed, as

"Git up that, Buck: she exclaimed, as she laid the "gad" on the off ox with a resounding whack: "You, that" Peter, what you skittishun 'round that way fur? Whoa, now! Both of yous stan' still!"

She turned them up to the platform, threw down some hay taken from the cart, and came up among us to inquire of the depot agent about a barrel of salt. He was have then and she was waiting around. busy then and she was waiting around, when a smart Aleck of the crowd, who was

ashier of the First National bank, of Catan Rapids.

It was in last December that she went Td marry a woman who could drive oxen."
"Is that meant for me?" she asked as

"Is that meant for me?" she asked as she walked straight up to him.
"Are you a widow, ma'sm?"
"I am. Bin a widder ever since a saw-log rolled over Jim nine years ago."
"And you't marry again if you had the opportunity, would you?"
"I would. When Jim lay a-dyin' in the house he told me to marry again if I had a show."

show."
"Ahem! I see. Could you love a second shand?"

"Ahem! I see. Could you love a second husband?"
"I could. It runs in our family to love. We begin airly and keep it up to the grave. What's your proposition? I'm a plain woman, full o' biguess, and never do any foolin! If you've got anything to say, spit it right out afore 'em all."

"I-I don't want to marry just now," he stammered.
"Don't eh? Then what's the use of gettion me on my liptoes about it? You man, you just the same as asked me to have you, and I jest the same as accepted you."
"Oh! No. no! I merely made some inquiries!" he replied.
"Them inquiries was about love, sir, and my heart's a-thumping away like all git out! I said I'd marry again, and I will. We are engaged. When do you want me to be ready?"

Madam, you have totally misunderstood ne." explained the young man, as he turn-diall sorts of colors and appeared to grow small. "I asked you a few questions out of

curiosity."
"Mebbe the jury will call it curiosity, and mebbe they won't," she said, as she set "They don't allow no foolin' 'round in Posey county. When a felter goes as fur as you hey, it's a hitch or damages. I'm a-tremblin' all over like a girl, an' my heart's

tremblin' all over like a girl, an my heart's stryin' to jump out. It's regular love or I don't know the road hum. You don't leave here, young man, till this case is settled." "But, ma'am, you see—"
"I don't know nuthin' but marriage or lamages. You've asked me to have you, I said I would. Will you marry or settle?" "How-how much?" he gasped, as he looked around and failed to find any sym-pathy.

"How-now mitch; he gaspet, as he looked around and falled to find any sympathy.

"Wall, Saginaw salt is a dollar and a quarter a bar l." she replied, as she glanced at a row of barrels down the platform. "I guess the oxen kin git hum with two bar'ts. Make it two and I'll call it squar."

Everybody grinned except the young man. He realized that he was done for, and got out of the box by planking down the \$2.50 to the agent. The cart was driven around to the spot, the barrels loaded up, and then the woman came back to the young man:

### Rest Way of Lucing Shoes.

om St. Nicholas. No one, I think, enjoys lacing his shoes, especially when in a hurry. Here is a way to do it with the least time and trouble: Hold the laces so that they come from under the thumb, one on each side. Draw them to one side, passing the upper lace un-



HOW TO LACE A SHOE.

the right for the right shoe. At first one will be a trifle awkward, but after a few trials you will be able to lace your shoes in less than quarter of the time taken by the old method. The school boy who showed me this scheme saved himself the trouble of tying his laces by having a large knot on each lace, which caught just above the ton books. above the top books.

## A Phlegmatic Suitor.

From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. except the hours of morning divine serv-lee.

"Robinson told me be caught a ten-pound pickerel right here." "Is that pickerel growing jet." It weighed eight and one-half the last time I saw Robinson."—Puck.

LIEUTENANT RICHMOND P. HOBSON.



This photograph was taken by the Baltimore American as the hero of the Merwas entering a parlor car at Baltimore.



About twenty years ago there appeared, simultaneously, in a little tree-embowered, off the road. Kentucky town, a diminutive couple, each as fuzzy, each as lusty, and each as hungry as the other. The date of theeir arrival was the occasion of much rejoicing in certain quarters; the little gossip circle of the village quite forgot other and threadbare themes for the all-absorbing one of the "Toddses" Twins;" even the correr grocery story tellers forsook politics and sociology long enough to trot out starting reminiscences of other and even more wonderful feats of young parents.

But all this was twenty years ago, and more or less foreign to the text; to come down to date, the year of our Lord and the emancipation of Cuba, found the twins at home in a large Western city, just through high school, and possessed of ambition and enthusiasm to do a dozen.

Each was the counterpart of the other in

high school, and possessed of ambition and enthusiasm to do a dozen. Each was the counterpart of the other in

the Tenth was called to quarters to dread to the time for the grave call and occurs her brother the all the slang of the armory, in all the goesh and small risk of the returning offices, and the slang of the armory, in all the goesh and small risk of the returning offices.

Her brown eyes were ablaze for a week before the date of the regiment's depart when the same that the same slew, so much so that the day before the matching forth found him in bed with an all pulsey much for the matching forth found him in bed with an all pulsey more the word to an imaginary squad.

The anxious mother may have felt a maxious mother may have felt and the same that the same slow, so much so that the day before the matching the word to an imaginary squad.

The anxious mother may have felt and the same the same that the same slow, so much so the same should be should be supported to the same slow, so much so that the same slow, so much so the same slow, so much so that the same slow, so much so that shall sha

intely straightened up with still another tinge of red in the brown of her eyes. She entered her own room, and noiselessily closed the door. The mother had gone away on some errand and would not return for some minutes, while old Lizy, the housekeeper, was below deaf and unconscious of the plotting and counterplotting going on above stairs.

Ten minutes after Jess had entered her room, there emerged therefrom a tall, slender, brown eyed soldier boy, with a corporal's stripes, carrying his musket lightly and with a practiced grip, with his leggings laced trim and his gray sombered illed jauntily, far back from his tanned brow.

He took his way down the stairs carefully and seemed to breathe more freely when he arrived at the front hall door. There he paused and took a long, searching look, up the hall and into the familiar slitting room, and then a cautious look out across the front yard. No one was in sight. The neighbors were all at mid-day luncheon, and the street was deserted. So care brave girl in blue (for it was Jess, the girl) strode out boldly, with her musket, or rather her brother's musket, at a knowing and becoming slant across her shoulder. With a crisp, quick step, she cleared the yard and sped down toward the city. Only twenty minutes remained until roll call, and the armory was a mile and a half away.

A cable car came along soon—she swung on to the rear platform and leaned against glances, showered upon her. In a little source, the other was cheeped. The child was soon transformed into an infant belle. Four or five artistic creations were shoulder. With a crisp, quick step, she cleared the yard and sped down toward the city. Only twenty minutes remained until roll call, and the armory was a mile and a half away.

A cable car care platform and leaned against glances, showered upon her. In a little of a south Jersey (legging man, came to wist a wealthy aunt. In her simple to visit a wealthy aunt. In her simple to visit a wealthy aunt. In her the other day to visit a wealthy aunt. In her simple to

and a half away.

A cable car came along soon—she sweng on to the rear platform and leaned against the rail. The few persons aboard eyed her curiously and kindly; everyone knew that the Tenth marched away to-day, and any eye could read the glittering 10 on the

symbers.

The lines were forming when she reached the big, bare room called the armory. She just had time to slip to the vacant place at the end of a squad, when sharp and clear came the call "Corporal Jess Todd!"

"Here!" she answered, her deep voice hoarse and dry. She had run that last block or two, and the musket was heavier than it had been at the start.

We must skip the stirring events of the

block or two, and the masser was nearly than it had been at the start.

We must skip the stirring events of the next few hours, how the solid ranks of bluecoated heroes stepped out briskly, in high feather, through the big arch of the armory; how the gallant Tenth were cheered at every pace, and how the sea of color through which they sped, surged and churned until the very atmosphere seemed red, white and blue-how they paced briskly down the Western bluff to the playing of the bands, and how every heart under every blouse beat quicker as they swurg through long lanes banked by millinery igh long lanes tossed and nodded like wild flowers in the May breeze.

the May breeze.

And Mayday sun never looked down on a more brave show, nor did May wind ever kiss farewell on manlier cheeks, though most were as innocent of beard as—as—well, as Corporal Jess, for instance.

All the while, Jess had marched along, passing the word and answering greetings

home in a large Western city, just through high school, and possessed of ambittion and cuthusiasm to do a dozen.

Each was the counterpart of the other in gesture, voice, complexion, and, some said, in mentality. Pranks and larks, based on the resemblance, there had been many of, both at home and at school. Jess, the girl, held as a standing threat over Jess, the boy, that if he ever presumed to fall in love with some other girl, that she would surely get him into a mess, by impersonating him, and disgracing him in the eyes of this unknown object of his untried affections; to which Jess, the boy, retorted with a threat to do the same dark deed to any foolish prig who might find favor in those big, brown eyes. It usually all ended in the off repeated yow, that the two would follow the same paths, lead where they might.

Jess, the boy (for they were both called loss), had been in the Tenth regiment, state militia, long enough to wear a corporal's stripes, Barring his slenderness of figure, he bade fair to make a good soldier-and he came to his military traits honorablyfor the Toddees' behind him had been all the situation by their valor in the Lost Case,. The girl, who really had the better physique of the two, followed him had been the first call and go against Spain, Miss Jess was as well posted as her brother in all the slang of the armory, in all the gost would explain, and he would sone and would some complete the date of the regiment's departure; mid her military ardor and the knowledge that Jess, even the hundred odd trifles she was preparing for his complete. The girl, who really had the better physique of the two, followed him had been dead to quarried and the first call and go against Spain, Miss Jess was as well up in tacties, toe.

Her brown eyes were ablaze for a week before the date of the regiment's departure; mid her military ardor and the knowledge that Jess was to leave her she gillows ran up to the tent with it, and as Jess glaneed over its contents, she started and the less care the hundred od

"Oh, auntie," she said, "take it away. I look like such a fright in it: everybody is staring at me, it is God's punishment for being so vain.

Last winter a well known editorial writer of a local paper purchased some sold-by-the-yard mustard plaster warranted to cure all the aches flesh is heir to. He took it home and put a generous piece of it across the lower part of his back.

The aforesaid editor has a daughter of the tender age of three years who is an infant edition of himself. On Monday the child was down on Riverside drive, and she grew greatly interested watching some boys bathing, arrayed only in trunks. After a long and solemn silence is the turned to her mother and remarked: "Mamma, those boys have gone in bathing with their mustard plasters on." "Oh, auntie," she said, "take it away. I

with their mustard plasters on

She's been engaged a score of times Since first the war began. Seven privates and five officers Have been the happy men. Why call her fickle when her heart

Why call her fickle when are To soldier boys in warm? Why, e'en her crities must admit Her love is uniform.—Washington Poets

## "MY LITTLE SALLIE."

An Incident of the Confederate Reunion at Atlanta,

Ga.

On September 3, 1864, Captain E. G. Stephens, a Union soldier, commanding Com-pany I, Thirteenth Iowa infantry, Third brigade, Fourth division, Seventeenth army corps, while walking through the streets of Atlanta, picked up a small photograph of a baby. There was no name on the photo-



graph, but written on the bottom of it were these words "My Little Sallie." It graph, but written on the bottom of it were these words, "My Little Sallie," It was clear to Captain Stephens that some Confederate soldier had lost the photograph during the evacuation.

A few days ago Captain Stephens, who now lives at Burlington, lowa, mailed the photograph to the Atlanta Constitution, and that enterprising newspaper has been trying to discover, among the thousands of ex-Confederates in attendance at the reunion, some one who knew the little Sallie of war time.

### PEACE RESTORED.

The Conflict Which Preceded Was Fast and Furious, However.

From the Detroit Free Press. For full five minutes after they had seated themselves on the side of the ferry boat that enabled them to get a good view boat that enabled them to get a good view of Lower Canada, the two pretty and daintily dressed girls maintained an oppressive silence. This was broken by a deep sigh from the one with a red, white and blue band on her jaunty sailor hat.

"It seems to me you're very unreasonable about the matter," said her companion in a tone that was more than half apologetic,
"O, of course, I'm entirely to blame. You brought him to make a morning call

You brought him to make a morning call and there I was in a flimsy wrapper, my hair out of curl and wearing an old pair

hair out of curl and wearing an old pair of mamma's slippers. I was never so mortified since the day I was born."

"But he didn't mind, He's a sensible boy and has sisters of his own."

"Oh, he didn't mind, didn't he? How good of him. Neither did you mind, But I'm the one that minded. I'm the one that looked like a guy and wished the house would fall in on us. I didn't think you could be so mean."

"You told me to bring him whenever I could."

"I know I did, but you didn't tell me that "I know I did, but you didn't tell me that he was tall and handsome and an immaculate dresser and smart and aristocratic-looking and all that. I suppose you thought you were cute when you simply told me that a friend from the country was going to visit you. I presume you are engaged now and are satisfied."
"However we're not Cross my heart." now and are satisfied."

"Honest, we're not. Cross my heart.
And he said he wanted to see more of you when he came again."

"Isn't it lovely on the river, dear? Here's three flavors in chewing gum. Which do you like?"

## THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

One Can Never Be Pleasant to Look Upon Unless in Good Health.

From the Ladies' Home Journal. The most helpful and agreeable bath is that of tepid water. Few people can stand absolutely cold baths, and no matter how strong one may be such a bath should no be indulged in unless a thorough rubbing be taken afterward. To speak plainly, must be remembered that while a cold bath may be more or less invigorating it is not cleansing. I can easily understand the desire of every woman to have a clear, beautiful skin, but I confess to being provoked when I think of the amount of money spent on lotions, creams and powders to be applied externally, and which have nothing like as good an effect upon the skin as a tepid bath taken with good soap at least once a week. The condition of the skin depends almost entirely upon the care given to the general health. The girl who is up late at night gives no care to her diet, indulges in various stimulants, bathes but seldom, and exercises less, is certain to have either a dull, muddy-looking skin, or one covered with disagreeable-looking black and red spots. One should avoid many sweets and much pastry, and not allow herself to become a slave either to tea or coffee any more than she would to some viclous drug or strong stimulant. She should also remember that, unless she is in good condition internally, she will be anything but a pleasant object to look upon externally. may be more or less invigorating it is not

## Youngest Boy Cyclist in the World,

Kenosha, Wis., has the youngest bicyclist in the world in the person of Frankie Van Der Vee. He is only 2 years and 4 months old, and small as he is he rides from four to six miles on any kind of a road. His bicycle is almost as much of a curiosity as its rider. It has a ten-inch frame, fourteeninch wheel and three-inch cranks, and



weighs seven pounds. It was built by a weighs seven pounds. It was built by a practical mechanic. Some propie say that he must have inherited the ability, as his mother was one of the best century riders in the state. Others say it is due to the wheel, but the little one learned to ride just as naturally as he learned to walk. And Kenosha is quite proud of her boy wonder.

### Girls Tattooed at \$15 Each. om the Auckland Star.

From the Aurkiand Star.

A Urewera tohunga, who has been engaged tattooing the Maori girls in the Bay of Plenty district during the past few weeks, has shifted his residence to Otuawhala, a settlement near Matipihi, He is still kept busy, and on this account has reised his price all around to £3 a head. As a rule Maori girls are not very flush of cash, but, like their European sisters, when it comes to a question of adornment when it comes to a question of adornment the money is found somehow.

## Diabolical Self-Repression

om the Cincinnati Enquirer Greymair-"My wife didn't say a word when I got home so late the other morn-

ing."
Butterhaws—"That was kind,"
"As I was saying, she didn't say a word
when I got home. She waited until I got

# WHEN HIS WIFE WAS AWAY. WINDSOR ROYAL PLATE

Not So Much Fun, After All, This Man Thinks, in Reine a Grass Bachelor.

From the Washington Post. The young married man whose wife went on Monday last, for a month's visit at her mother's seashore place got along all righ on Monday night.

"Bully good scheme, this being alon once in a while," he said to himself often enough to sort of half convince him of it. He was a bit tired, so he remained home that night. After the old mammy, who prepared his victuals, left, he cleaned all of his pipes, sharpened all of his pencils and decided to block out a chapter or two right. Anyhow, he felt kind o' duil. And the girl across the street was humming Rubinstein's melody in F to a soft accompaniment. His wife used to sing that. He decided to get his wife to sing it right for him when she returned. He wondered how she was making our anyhow.

him when she returned. He wondered how she was making out, anyhow,
"She certainly looked classy and trig in that rig she went away in," he thought,
"If I thought any of those Willies down there and try to make eyes at her, I'd—."
He walked up and down a bit when this idea struck him. He decided to take his cold plunge and po to bed.
"Great scheme, this going it alone once in awhile," he muttered, weakly, just before he went to sleep. "I'll tog out and have a little whirl around to-morrow night."

He found it a bit odd not to have a little he found it a bit odd not to have a little person in what he called a "dinky" wrap-per, to express his radical views to on the war the next morning, but he kept on saying to himself that the young fellows who kept themselves footloose knew their gait all right.

That night he took a trolley ride. Out at the suburban pavilion he met a couple

That night he took a trolley ride. Out at the suburban pavilion he met a couple of the girls he used to know, accompanied by young men. He tried to be rakish and desperately flirtatious with one of the girls—"just want to find out." said he to himself, "if getting married has made me a 'dead one "-and he thought he was having a rattling good time, but this think was not a very hefty one.

"That girl isn't so bright as she used to be," he thought as he returned to the city on the troller. "I just watched her next.

"That girl isn't so bright as she used to be," he thought as he returned to the city on the trolley. "I just watched her prettying herself-moistening her lips, and fixing her eyes, and holding on to that permanent smile. Now, Pattie"—"Pattie" is his wife—"never went in for that sort of thing. She's on the dead level, and that's right. Think so the more I see of the others. Wonder if she's having any sort of a time down there, anyhow? But I tell you what, old hoss, it's the proper kink to go it alone once in awhile." go it alone once in awhile."
On Wednesday night, after he had eaten

On Wednesday night, after he had eaten his supper, he couldn't quite decide what he'd do to pass the time. He moseyed idly around his wife's dressing room. The very faint perfume in the room got him to thinking. A forgotten pair of his wife's gloves were on the dresser. He picked them up.

"Odd perfume that that Pat uses," said he to himself. "Guess there's only

picked them vp.

"Odd perfume that that Pat uses," said he to himself. "Guess there's only enough of it made for her use. Never got next to any perfume like that around anybody else. Wonder if she's having-Oh, the Dickens." I'll just run over and get into the little game with the fellows."

The little game didn't hit him as it used to. The "fellows" were all unmarried men—"durned frivolous lot," he thought, as he studied them. "A man hasn't got the brains of an angleworm until he's doubled up, anyhow." He smoked a lot of cigars and quit \$1.55 ahead of the game; but, somehow or another, he didn't feel just right as he finished his cold tub and got ready for bed. Some darky lads went down the street singing and picking guitars. This made him sort of woozy. So he mixed himself a big one, guiped it down, and turned in. He found himself to be in a pretty cranky frame of mind at the office on Thursday. His work didn't go right, somehow, or another. In the afternoon he went out to the ball game.

"Beauty of the thing is," said he, "that I don't have to rush home to dinner after the sixth inning. Can stay and see the game out. Hot thing, this going it alone

The Two Pantries.

The Two Pantries.

The Two Pantries.

The dimensions of the two pantries which we are now surveying are about thirty by sixteen feet and sixteen feet square respectively. They are fitted with numerous electric lights. In deep recesses in the massive stone walls fit air-tight plate-glass cases with a light mahogany framework. These cases extend to a height of abuse of them stand plate-glass counter cases, as in a jeweler's shop, and the space under these is fitted with glass inclosed cupboards. The center of cach room is occupant to the ball game.

"Beauty of the thing is," said he, "that I don't have to rush home to dinner after the sixth inning. Can stay and see the game out. Hot thing, this going it alone

SAID TO BE VALUED AT MORE THAN SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS.

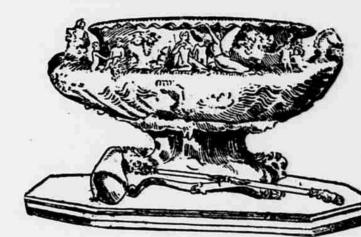
Description of the Contents of the Two Pantries, in Which Are Stood a Wealth of Dishes and Table Ornaments.

The statement made in such quiet tones of that great novel he had in mind. This by the yeoman of the queen's plate, says plan didn't go through, however. It took a writer in the Pall Mall Magazine, that too much of his time to get his pipes just "the contents of these two partries are of plate are frequently sent to London for



THE CELEBRATED NAUTILUS CUP.

ordinary use at an entertainment at Buckingham palace the statement at once appears to come within the bounds of reason, And after a silver gilt dish weighing pos-



KING GEORGE IV.'S PUNCH BOWL

once in awhile."

He looked around the stand to size the girls up. "Oh, I don't know," he thought.

"Oh, I don't know." he thought. "Pat can give any of 'em a run on looks. By jing, I wonder if she's having a good—."
He stayed home Thursday night and sawed on his vicilin. He played the things that he usually played with his wife's piano accompaniment, and they didn't sound right without the accompaniment. After he had finished playing he went out and sat on the front steps in his shirt sleeves. A man neighbor from next door came in and began to talk about the

war.
"Why doesn't that jay stay where he "Why doesn't that jay stay where he belongs," thought the grass bach. "I don't want to talk with anybody. Just want to be alone. Nice night, this, Moon, and all that, Bet Pat's got one of those gauzy, frilly things on, and—let's see, this is the fourth day she's been away. Twenty-six days yet. Gee whiz! I'll have a great time yet, won't I?"

On Friday night he went to a variety show, and he thought it was about as dense a thing as ever he looked at. He didn't succeed in feeling yery bachelory. didn't succeed in feeling very bachelory,

didn't succeed in the didn't succeed in the didn't succeed in the didn't succeed in the didn't succeed the didn't succeed the didn't succeed to see "Pat."

"Two been having a dickens of a good time," he told her.

## My Wheel.

How delightful is the feeling
That a less gently o'er me stealing.
As I mount my dear old safety, trusty wheel.
Ah! with joy I'm fairly realing—
And it seems sweet music's pealing
From this mass of almost living magic steel. And, although the pace is killing.
My good wheel is always willing.
As it pluness in the thickest of the strife;
Sends a sweet, delicious thrilling
Through my soul, completely filing
My whole being with the happiness of life.

Now it's down some incline leaping:

Now it's down some meting response.

Next, up some steep hill creeping.

This companion of my happiness and care;

Never tiring, never sleeping.

Always laughing, never weeping.

But swiftly rushing onward through the air. Now, it's through the valleys fiving.
Where the wind is gently sighting.
Through the blossoms of the fragrant apple trees;
Where the twilight's slowly dring.
With the host-owl's deleful crying.
Floating on the summer evening breeze.

So, when safely by this treasure I am brought home, with what pleasure Then lovingly I place it in the hall; I'll devote to it my leisure. I'll devote to it my iccountry.

For I prize it beyond measure.

And I know it's always ready at my call.

SIDNEY FOSSWOOD.

From the Indianapolis Journal, From the Indianapolis Journal.

"I've had an awful time." said his wife as soon as he got home. "The clothesline broke, the baby choked on a tack until he was blue, the cat got her head fast in the cream pitcher, and we had to break it off—the pitcher. I mean—the grocery boy sassed Mary Jane till she tried to scald him, and missed him and took all the hair nim, and missed nim and took all the hair off the dog, and I burned my thumb to a crisp and nearly every woman I know on earth took this day of all others to call." "Anything else to-day?" asked the dry goods clerk, absently.

### A Stylish Between-Times Jacket. From the Ladies' Home Journal.

From the Ladies' Home Journal.

A new jacket for that "between-time" when one must have a wrap that is not too warm and still warm enough is in satin cloth in the old blue shade that may be called either purple or blue. It is lined and faced with black satin, and buttons easily with big black horn buttons. It fits the figure closely in the back, but it is semiloose in front, with sleeves that are large enough to get into with ease, but without suggesting the large or puffed sleeve.

moment and see in a small tray, placed on one of the many shelves which draw out from the center case, the exquisitely plain and neat little breakfast service which is in every-day use by her majesty. It is of modern make and curious design; the tea and coffee pots, etc., being somewhat squat in shape, and perfectly plain with the exception of a narrow band of burnished gold repousse work surrounding the upper part of each vessel. The egg stand, which (for the information of the curious) holds some eight eggs, is rather more ornate in style. eight eggs, is rather more ornate in style, each egg cup being surrounded by a band of gold ornament.

Historical Treasures. In the midst of such an embarras de richesse as the plate pantries contain, it is as well to first note some of the more histori-

well to first note some of the more histori-cal treasures which are to be seen on every side. Here, for instance, is a trophy dating from the spacious times of good Queen Bess.

Next we come to, so far as design is con-cerned, the gem of the collection. This is the world-famed Nauthus cup. Its manu-facture is ascribed on its present label to Nicholas Schmidt, of Nuremburg, but if the style counts for anything it may well be



SILVER VASE WITH MODELS OF THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE DOGS.

the work of the great Benvenuto Cellint himself, so closely does it resemble existing plees of his work of undoubted authenticity. The shell of the cup here photographed is of pearl, and the mountings of silver, richly embellished with gliding. As a mere specimen of workmanship, apart from its beautiful design, it far surpasses anything in sliversmith's work which has been produced in our own times. The Great Punch Bowl.

George IV. made notable efforts to maintain the standard of design in plate, and employed Flaxman, Stothard and others to design, and Rundell and Bridge to manufacture, shields, vases and other pleces, but without much success. Their productions are, as a rule, heavy and awkward-looking. The great punch bowl or wine cooler, designed by Flaxman, is a stupendous example of what to avoid in plate, and certainly its ivory-handled ladle of modern manufacture is a far more graceful production. This bowl, by the way, has been given the credit of being the font in which H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was christened; such is not the case; it was merely filled with mulled claret to be drunk at the christening. tain the standard of design in plate, and

"Mapleton wants war poetry taxed."
"Just like him; always trying to kill off
all the fun in everything."

ing.